

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

We beg to remind those Subscribers to "Light" and the London Spiritualist Alliance who have not already renewed their Subscriptions for 1892, that they should forward remittances at once to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

Mr. Walter Besant is an accomplished master of fiction. He is also responsible for a column or two of gossip, which he addresses weekly to the readers of the "Pictorial World." I do not know exactly how much mastery fiction has got over him, but I judge that it is considerable. The habit of "spinning yarns," as his friend Mr. Clark Russell might say, has grown on him by unseen degrees, and he has now got embarrassed with fairies. He seems to want one, as the children say, "for his very own." He had better advertise in "LIGHT," offering an adequate reward for the last of the fairies, dead or alive. If an elemental would do as well, he should apply to the Theosophical Society. If an abnormal being, with various forms of sub-or, as we must now add three syllables, sub-liminal consciousness, like a Chinese puzzle, will meet the case, he should apply to the Society for Psychical Research. Whether he can be supplied with one or more of the Six in Green that Anne Jefferies found so useful as professed cooks, I do not know; but I think I can promise him something unexpected, perhaps with undines preserved in a bottle, or the "Idler's" latest spectre. The way in which Mr. Besant tells his story is worth reproducing. It is a warning against the abuse of fiction. No doubt, in a forthcoming holiday number of "Ghost Stories," Mr. Stead will point the moral to be drawn from the eminent novelist and the Six in Green. He has warned us against spooks; will he warn us, too, against fairies, things in green, and the Isles of Scilly; or, should it be spelt Silly?

This is Mr. Besant's story:—

The story of Annie Jefferies. I read it only the other day in a collection of old pamphlets. It may be worth telling again, if only for the reason that it seems the last really genuine and unauthenticated case of the appearance and the active interference of the fairies in these islands. I think that after this final and most remarkable proof of their power they vanished and left the country. But you shall hear the circumstances. The pamphlet was written in the year 1696, when Anne was still living, aged seventy, and able to speak for herself. She does not seem to have contradicted the story, which must therefore be perfectly true in every particular.

Anne was the daughter of a labouring man of St. Teath, Cornwall; at the age of fourteen she was apprenticed to a respectable family, where she became a servant in return for board and lodging and clothes. One day, when she was nineteen years of age, she was found lying in a fit in the garden.

On recovering she said that she had been visited by six little people clad in green. Her fit was followed by a bad illness and a slow recovery. She then became very devout, and was remarkable for remembering more of the sermon than any other member of the family. Now it happened once that her mistress had occasion to send to the mill for flour, but as there was no one in the house but herself and the maid, she resolved to go herself, and to leave the girl in the garden. This she did, but on the way back fell and dislocated her leg. Now, mark—when she was carried home, the girl, Annie Jefferies, not only told her the exact spot where she fell (of which she had been informed by the Six in Green), but also, by passing her hand over the joint, completely and instantly cured her. This cure being noised abroad, all the people round came flocking to her—all those who had rheumatism of any kind or sickness—and she cured them by word of mouth and by touch, taking no money. It was also discovered that she took no more food at her mistress' table, but was fed by the fairies in her own chamber, a thing witnessed, though the fairies were invisible, by many—both through the keyhole and through the open door.

Then the magistrates and the ministers, hearing of these marvels, began to visit her, and to dissuade her from further conversation with fairies. But the little people in green gave her a Bible turned down at a certain text, which they ordered the objectors to note. It was that passage wherein the brethren are exhorted to try the spirits. Of course, after this, there was only one step possible. They clapped her in Bodmin Gaol. Here—and this I think the most convincing proof of the truth of this narrative—the fairies brought her food—not the nasty bread and water of affliction—but good solid dishes, delicately confectioned and cooked, and so continued to feast her and to cocker her up for three months, when she was released from durance. The narrative goes on to relate that she returned not to her former mistress, but went to one Mrs. Frances Tom, of Padstow, where she lived for some time, working many miraculous cures. And then she married. Whether she continued in the fairy-healing business or gave it up; whether the Six in Green continued their visits; whether they went on to provide her with dainty dishes; whether she carried her devotion and piety on to her old age—we know not. This narrative was written when she was seventy. She would say no more; if she talked she thought there might be more examination before magistrates, more disputations with learned men, more locking up in prison; not a word more would she say. And now we shall never know whether the fairies left her or whether they continued this remarkable friendship to the end of her days. If so, we may practically assume that their grief for the loss of Anne, their last mortal favourite, their Cornish changeling—probably a princess by birth, but stolen from her parents by Titania and conveyed to the remote St. Teath—proved too much for them. They would never love another mortal. So they packed up all their belongings and went clear away. They were seen for a time in Samson, which is one of the isles of Scilly, but they left that place too; and now we know not where they are.

There is no doubt that a belief in fairies, pixies, and their like, has existed for ages. Are we to regard it as a pious fiction? Is there, perchance, spirit in all forms and gradations of being, if we only knew where and how to look for it? Some of my correspondents are so good as to regard this special column of mine as educational. There is no doubt that in it I, a fellow-searcher after truth, throw out some hints and suggestions as they pass through my mind, in the hope, perhaps, that they may prove fruitful as material for thought. I do not presume to teach or to set up as a teacher about matters on which I am confessedly ignorant. I only ask questions. Now, the Theosophists tell us much vaguely about elemental spirits. And it seems to be *a priori* likely that spirit is organised in all varieties of form. There must be more manifestations of



spirit-life lower than that which we know as human. We, human beings, are ourselves on all conceivable planes of progression, and have probably brought to our present state the fruit of antecedent development. Is there any ground for the belief that spirit—the underlying entity manifested as matter—if so very loose a phrase may adumbrate my meaning—is organised in the way that Occultists have taught, and Theosophists, by the mouth-piece of Madame Blavatsky, have asserted? Is there conceivably a mass of life all round us of which most of us have no cognisance? One highly-gifted lady I know sees clairvoyantly the spirit life of all organised things, of a tree or plant, for example. I have heard her so describe what her interior faculties perceive. Is it a fact that spirit, underlying everything, can be so perceived by the awakened spiritual faculties? Again, is spirit organised in lower forms of being, lower, I mean, than the human? I do not ask if there be elves and kobolds and pixies and sprites of various kinds. I do not think the practicable lay-figure that is called an elemental can be credited with the work that he is alleged to do. But I should be surprised if spirit were not all-pervading, and I suspect that matter is only a form of its presentation to our present limited means of appreciation.

In this sense Death is the great Revealer. For he shows to us the organised machine in the process of change. That which we have known as a human being undergoes a change by his touch which reveals to us, if we think aright, a tenement from which the occupier has departed. There is in death, especially when its answer comes to the sigh of bereavement, something infinitely illuminative. It must be a poor soul, with nothing of the Divine faculty of imagination in it, that does not find in death an answer to many of its questionings. "He is not here: he is risen." There is the place where they laid him: there is the body that they laid to rest: but "he is not there." We realise the truth with an instinct that all the refinements of a material philosophy have not wholly quenched. With his bones around him, with his instruments that can lay bare the whole mechanism of the body from which the spirit has fled, the astutest philosopher is driven back to the unanswered question, "Where is she now?" The Spiritualist has no great difficulty in his reply, for he has never thought of the form as the man, but the Materialist, it always seems to me, must find the problem insoluble. And love finds the answer all too vague.

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,  
 "Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm  
 I had to give thee. He thou loved'st slept  
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday. . . .  
 Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay  
 My tears, and win the secret of that curse  
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives  
 O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice,  
 As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords;  
 I seek that secret."

It is a secret that is revealed only to him whose eyes are open, whose spiritual senses are alert. And even he sees only through a glass darkly. For the mass of men with their body-worship and all that is therein involved real life begins only when death supervenes.

To subdue the flesh to the spirit is better than to make a fetish of the body, but even asceticism will not purge the inner vision as death does. It may easily be that all this ascetic care of the body is only a means of obscuration of the spirit within. The Kingdom of Heaven that is within is not reached by physiological means. Many a Lenten fast has served only to stir evil tempers and, perhaps, to produce a crop of boils. Olcott has some wise words on this matter in the current number of the "Theosophist." So long as the soul inhabits the body it is the part of wisdom to keep the body in

working order. To macerate it, to torture it, to deprive it of the food which keeps it going is as sensible as it would be to cut off some of the coal supply from an engine that has to drag an express train. These austerities, pursued till they become an end in themselves, are futile. The body that has its daily work to do requires daily attention and soon resents interference. Perhaps there is no bigger blunder that our acquaintance with Eastern methods reveals to us than this senseless persecution of the poor body. Fifty-seven years of austerities, exclaims Olcott, of an Indian Hatha Yogi—my glossary enables me to realise under this verbal disguise a poor seeker after occult power—and then he had to ask me, an American, how to control his mind. It may be permitted one to weep angel's tears over such a pathetic confession. "The Theosophical Society," says its late President, "is a sort of battle-field of self-slain spiritual fighters: a long line of supposed chelas toppled over like so many bricks in a row." Alas! I seem to think an enemy might have said this; but it is true, none the less. "He had to ask me, an American." What an epitaph to be inscribed over a wasted life! We have none of us got much nearer to truth than that "mens sana in corpore sano," which civilisation has done so much to make difficult, and which late hygienic science is making more attainable, so far as the body goes. Where, after all, is the mental hygiene that will give us the "mens sana?" Certainly it is not to be found in the meditation and maceration of the recluse: not on the pillar of St. Simon: not in the contemplative idleness of the spiritual lounge: not in the accumulated dirt of the ascetic to whom cleanliness is not next to godliness. In none of these, but I take it in the simple discharge of duty; in the realisation of the claim on us of the great human brotherhood; in the recognition of the spiritual; and in the unpretentious development of that particle of spirit that has been entrusted to our keeping.

#### COINCIDENCES.

The "Newcastle Daily Chronicle," of February 12th, published the following;—

It happened the other day that amongst the interments at Jesmond Old Cemetery were the remains of two ladies who were of the same name (all but a single letter in the Christian name) and the same age. They ended this life on the same day, were buried on the same afternoon, and their last earthly resting place is situated within the space of the same plot of ground—that is, within ten yards of each other.

And on February 15th this appeared:—

The paragraph under this heading, published in our issue of Friday, has brought us into communication with a gentleman who was well acquainted with the two estimable ladies referred to, and who informs us that the coincidences mentioned by no means exhaust the record in connection with the melancholy event. "They were," remarks our correspondent, "the wives of two cousins; and in life they would have been taken for sisters. Only a few days previously to the fated one of their decease they met together in deep sympathy with each other. More terrible still, when members of one family went to break the news of death to those of the other, they were met, in their intimation of the uncertainty of life, by a corresponding tale of sorrow and bereavement."

On the occasion of the Jubilee service at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, in 1887, when Princes Edward and George of Wales were present, it was noticed by the superstitious that by an accident Prince George was put into the seat in the Viceregal pew which is surmounted by the Royal Arms. This seat is usually occupied by the Lord Lieutenant as the representative of the Sovereign, and, as he vacated it on this occasion, it should in the usual course have been occupied by Prince Edward. The circumstance is, of course, recalled to-day by many persons who but for the Duke of Clarence's death would never have thought again about the "omou."



### DR. HIDDEN ON MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Mark Twain's article on "Mental Telegraphy," recalls an address which Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., delivered at a conference meeting at Lake Pleasant on Friday morning, August 23rd, 1889. The subject was "Mental Telegraphy." Among other things the speaker said:—

"There is an atmospheric stratum, or thought ether, through which mind communicates with mind, consciously as well as unconsciously. We essay to speak, and our companion anticipates our thought; we speak of an individual, and lo! the individual appears; we write a poem, give expression to beautiful thoughts, deliver an address or write a story, and behold, we find the same thing in print sooner or later, with the authorship accredited to another. Latent and unconscious memory will account for many odd things, but not for all. There are a thousand and one things daily occurring which prove beyond question that mind can communicate with mind and take cognisance of events occurring even at great distances. I have no hesitancy in putting myself on record in the prophecy that time will be, when mental telegraphy will have become an accomplished fact—that psychics will send messages to and fro over the land and beyond the seas, and that this method will be made available in every department of social and mercantile life. I have sent clearly understood messages to my hypnotic subjects in sunshine and in storm, in summer's calm and mid-winter's snow and sleet, and I fully believe that this power can be brought under control and made practicable. When this is done we shall have a trained army of receivers, senders and transcribers, with regularly established central stations. Then we shall be able to dispense with telegraph poles and wires, throngs of electricians, linemen and labourers; do away with the unnecessary annual expenditure of millions, and put into execution a system of telegraph transcending the genius of an Edison and the crafty planning and longing of the Goulds."

Dr. Hidden assures the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" that he has been conducting experiments in mental telegraphy for several years, sending messages back and forth between himself and members of his family becoming such a common thing that they think no more of it than speaking to each other. He frequently makes mental suggestions to patients, and greatly enjoys hearing them tell how the "idea popped into their minds." During the present winter a patient, a woman, five miles distant, was seriously ill; he had made what he supposed would be his final call. Just before daybreak the following morning he was aroused from sleep and caught this message: "I wish I could send or despatch to Dr. Hidden that the fever has turned and that I am better." The doctor awakened his wife and told her that "Mrs. G. had sent a despatch that she was better." Early in the forenoon the woman's husband called to say that the fever had turned just before daybreak, and that when his wife came back to consciousness she had made the remark which had aroused Dr. Hidden from his sleep. The woman was found on the mend, and has since recovered.

Dr. Hidden had another curious experience last July. A very peculiar plot impressed itself upon his mind, and he immediately based a story upon the plot. He read the story to his family, and was about to send it to a publication to which his wife had recently become a subscriber. When the next number arrived he opened it to learn how to forward his manuscript, and great was his surprise to find on the first page a story bearing the title of his own, and a plot almost identical with that which he had written. Parts of the published article appeared word for word. It is needless to add that Dr. Hidden tossed his manuscript into his desk, and it is there yet. His explanation is that he caught the title and plot from another, just as Mark Twain caught the plot of the "Big Bonanza" from his friend Simmons.—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

### THE FATE OF THE PROPHETS.

Alas! how full of fear  
Is the fate of the prophet and seer;  
For evermore, for evermore,  
It shall be as it has been heretofore.  
The age in which they live will not forgive  
The splendour of the everlasting light  
That makes their foreheads bright,  
For the sublime  
Forerunning of their time.

—LONGFELLOW.

### PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY FOR SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY (MUNICH).

The two that have reached us are reprints of articles that appeared originally in the "Sphinx." That entitled "Hartmann contra Aksakof," by Dr. Carl du Prel, is certainly worthy of an extended circulation, summing up, as it does, in a clear and masterly manner the case of Spiritualism *versus* Hartmannism. The occasion of this article is a reply by Hartmann to Professor Aksakof's book, "Animism and Spiritualism," but instead of endeavouring to bring within his own explanatory theory those phenomena which Aksakof maintained to be beyond it, he conveniently disposes of them by saying "that the series of facts must at least be sufficiently worthy of attention to merit a serious, if conditional, criticism; for no one will give himself the trouble to attack theoretical discussions to quite incredible reports." Accordingly, such facts as General Drayson's astronomical discoveries, Judge Edmonds's daughter's speaking in strange tongues, Emilio Talmago's pianoforte playing, Crookes's experiments, &c., &c., are explained by cheating on the part of the medium, stupidity on the part of the experimenter, or are calmly put aside as "incredible reports." He naively informs us that he was never present at a seance but considers himself, nevertheless, competent to pronounce judgment on the consequences to be deduced from the problematical appearances there seen in case they should be real. Unable to vanquish his opponent by argument, he thinks Church and police would be justified in putting down Spiritualism as a physical, intellectual, and moral danger.

Du Prel considers that the reason why Spiritualism is so misunderstood is that somnambulism is so little studied, and that Hartmann's ignorance of this subject is a clear case in point. True, he speaks of a "somnambulistie consciousness," but he means by this only what is within the physiological sphere, and knows nothing of a transcendental consciousness. He says of his somnambulistie consciousness that it is sunk deeper in sensuality than the waking consciousness, is incapable of self-command, more material and phantastic, and in short possesses all the signs that it is more closely united with the vegetation and animal life processes of the organism than the waking consciousness." Another phrase that he uses in quite a different sense from the Spiritualist's is "the Unconscious," so that his attempt to prove that a continued existence would be "a continuance of organic remains without mind and activity, but capable of memory, affording consequently one of the most ghastly and repulsive chapters of pessimism," entirely fails of its mark; it would only have any sense if it were really Hartmann's "unconscious" that became a spirit.

In short Hartmann's defence is feeble in the extreme, and since Aksakof has shown that the "anima" of the medium is insufficient to account for a large proportion of Spiritualistic phenomena, *a fortiori* must the "unconscious" of Hartmann be so, since, instead of an individual soul with its own consciousness and with organising powers, it is but the physiological "unconscious" which shows itself in dreams, madness and hysteria. It is, as Du Prel says, as though the one says  $2 \times 2$  will not even make 5; the other,  $2 \times 2$  will make 6.

The second article is one on "American Spiritualism," by Ludwig Deinhart, and the information is principally derived from Henri Lacroix's book, "Mes Expériences avec les Esprits." A full account of the "Banner of Light" is given, with its bureau for questions to be answered at the seances and its verifications of spirit messages. As an illustration of the first, Lacroix, presumably a follower of Allan Kardec, is glad to select an answer confirmatory of the doctrine of Re-incarnation, which he says has always been preached by the controlling spirits of the "Banner." The question sent in was as follows:—

"Have you ever seen a spirit in the spirit-world who had been re-incarnated, or, in other words, had inhabited two different bodies on this earth of ours, and had accordingly been known as two individuals distinct in time and space? Or have you ever met a spirit who has seen such a being?"

Answer: "We shall perhaps alarm your correspondent and many others besides when we say yes to this question. But we must explain. We have seen not only one, but a great number of intelligent human spirits, who maintain—and we, too, believe that it is the case—that they have been incarnated



in more than one human form on this planet, to say nothing of their life in other worlds. If this is the case, your correspondent will now ask, who is the spirit finally in the spirit-world? Is it Thomas Jones, or William Smith, or perhaps Francis Brown, if the spirit was known by these different names in his different incarnations on earth? To this we would answer that in the actual spirit-world, that great and wonderful world lying beyond this planet and its material circumstances, the spirit is not known by one of those names which he bore on earth; rather does he bear a spiritual cognomen, which belongs to him alone, and is suited to him alone. We cannot tell these names to you, as you could neither understand them nor comprehend how they are appropriate to the spirits who bear them; this has nothing to do with our question. The spiritual being is over the same, and it is this which lives, moves, breathes, and acts in the spirit-world. The organic envelope has no part in the great development on the other side; it is therefore a matter of indifference if this organic form was known under the name of Thomas Jones, or William Smith, as its time and work belonging to the earth are past and ended. But, you will say, if the spirit has passed through several incarnations, who are then his relations? Who will be able to find him on the other side as an old friend, if he has already passed through several stages of experience or is gone before into another world? Those who really belong to the spirit, his spiritual relatives, will be such also in that world. There are relationships on earth, which leave the spiritual being untouched; they are cold, and do not reach to the real inner life of the person. We often meet in one family brothers of such different natures that they seem to have nothing in common; there is no sympathy of soul between them, and even when they are parted for a long time, each will go his own way, careless of the fate of the other. These, then, are not brothers in the spiritual sense; there is no real relationship existing between them, and they will claim none in the other world. Each will find his relations and spiritual friends, with whom he will associate and who will be dear to him. . . . We give these as our own ideas. They have nothing to do with the spiritual being of the medium, whom we use, or of any other person. We say that we have met spirits who had been incarnated more than once. This is told us by spirits who know what they are saying. Those who come to you and say they have never met or spoken to such a spirit, speak only of their own knowledge. This is but a negative proof, which does not call in question the existence of a law which, however strange it may seem, must have been made by the eternal Wisdom for a wise and useful purpose."

As an illustration of verification of spirit messages, the striking case of Annie E. Lewis is cited (*vide* "Banner of Light," May 4th, 1889, and June 22nd, 1889).

"Psychometrie," by Ludwig Deinhard (Blaunschwieg: C. A. Schwetschke and Sohn), is a good *résumé* of the subject, but as it is compiled entirely from Dr. Buchanan's "Handbook of Psychometry," and Denton's "Soul of Things," it is not necessary to enlarge upon it to readers to whom the original works are accessible. The description of the destruction of Pompeii, as seen psychometrically by Denton's little son, ought to carry conviction to whoever studies it. The author is careful in the preface to disclaim for Psychometry any connection with Spiritualism, fearing lest the article, having first appeared in the "Sphinx," might thereby be ignored by the physicists whose interest he hopes to arouse. He would seem to regard the "Geisterwelt," or spirit-world of the quotation from "Faust," which heads his pages as a mere poetical figure, and as long as Spiritualism is "regarded by many as 'the folly of our country,'" he will probably study it after the fashion of Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch," "up to a certain point, you know."

"Der Heil-Magnetismus" (Healing Magnetism), by Willy Reichel, "Magnetopath," is a little pamphlet demonstrating the existence of healing powers in magnetism. There is nothing very new in it to anyone already acquainted with magnetism, for, as the author modestly says, he has preferred to begin by drawing largely upon well-known authors, and distinguished authorities, but hopes to follow this up by the publication of personal experiences, especially in the domain of somnambulism. We hope he may meet with sufficient encouragement to do so.

"How I WAS TAUGHT OF THE SPIRIT," by the late Lady Sandhurst. A few copies of this pamphlet still remain on sale, for which early application should be made. Price, post free, 6d.—Office of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

## SOME MAGAZINES.

### "LUCIFER."

The opening article is an answer by the Editor to the Rev. George W. Allen's address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, "Our Eastern Theosophists and what we are to say to them." Mrs. Besant answers Mr. Allen's friendly challenge by inviting him to step over and join the Theosophical Society. She tells him that the "Society has no views *qui* Society," and that there is plenty of room in it for one of whom she speaks with "the respect due to his keen intellect and to his value as a mystical thinker." "A Bewitched Life," by H.P.B., is concluded. Mr. Old discourses on "The Law of Cycles"; and Mr. Kingsland continues to concern himself with "Theosophy and Psychical Research." Mr. Stead's warning against meddling with Spiritualism naturally meets with approval, though it seems to us that the Magic, Black if not White, of Occultism, may and probably does involve worse risks. As to black magic undoubtedly: as to white, assuming that the would-be magician is sure that it is white, are there no failures, backslidings, and the like to be feared? The fact is there is danger in a loaf of bread improperly used. The Editor commences a plain statement of the doctrine of Re-incarnation from the point of view of the Theosophist. In this task her power of lucid exposition stands her in good stead. There is also the conclusion of an article by Rama Prasad on "Karma and Re-incarnation," which lacks the Editor's grasp and power.

### "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

The frontispiece, almost of course, is Mr. Spurgeon, a good presentment of the *bourgeois* face. There is a good picture of our paulo-post future King, Prince George of Wales; one of the King that was to be, the Duke of Clarence; one equally good of Lady Sandhurst; and three to illustrate character sketches of Cardinal Manning, M. de Laveleye, and Benjamin Scott, late Chamberlain of the City of London. Beside articles in magazines that are easily accessible, we are introduced to "The Nearness of Animals to Man" in "The Atlantic Monthly," and to this pretty story:—

A gentleman who had a great number of doves used to feed them near the barn; at such times not only chickens and sparrows, but also rats, were accustomed to come and share the meal. One day he saw a large rat fill its cheeks with kernels of corn and run to the coach-house, repeating this performance several times. On going thither he found a lame dove eating the corn which the rat had brought.

And to a wonderful donkey almost as remarkable as the philanthropic rat:—

A donkey which was in the same pasture with an Alderney bull was frequently attacked by the latter, and worsted in the combat. Convinced that his heels were no match for his adversary's horns, the ass took a pole between his teeth, and, whirling it about, whacked his assailant so vigorously over the head that the latter was finally glad to give up the contest, and lived thenceforth on a peaceful footing with his long-eared and long-headed companion.

From the "Fortnightly" we have "The Future of Marriage," and Mr. Crookes's most interesting "Possibilities of Electricity"; from the "United Service Magazine" some further unpublished facts about General Gordon and Khartoum; from the "Monist" Mr. Moncreux Conway's opinion on the problem of "Religion and Progress" and Robert Elsmere; and from the "New England Magazine" the second of a series on "Salem Witchcraft." Much more there is, and the number is fully up to the average.

### "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

As examples of beautiful illustrations there are none better than those to Sir John Lubbock's "Beauty in Nature." Those styled "Moonlight on the Lake" and "The Shadows Lengthen" are especially successful. They are as good as the worthy Baronet's essay is jejune and didactic. It smacks of the Young Men's Christian Association, and reads like a schoolboy's prize essay. Sherlock Holmes is as good as ever. Mr. Conan Doyle has hit upon very good material, and uses it with practised skill. The plan of giving to English readers specimens of foreign fiction is persevered in. This month it is "After the Crime," from the French of Constant Guérault. Of other papers, all good, we may mention "The Romance of a Telegraph Wire" as very diverting. Mr. Newnes has a laudable ambition to do all that he tries as well as it can be done. He certainly succeeds with his magazine: we wish him a similar success with his forthcoming paper, "The Million." It is, we believe,



the first attempt at printing in various colours, after the manner of the "Petit Journal" of Paris, that has been tried in this country.

#### "THE IDLER."

Welcome to the "Idler" without its last month's advertisements stitched—or rather steel-bound—into its pages to the annoyance of readers. We naturally turn to the "Spectre's Dilemma," the story of "a second-rate phantom," related by Eden Phillpotts and illustrated by Irving Montagu. We are distinctly of opinion that if that phantom is at all like Mr. Montagu's delineation he would make a decided hit at a seance. We have seen materialisations, but never one quite like this "little, plump, roly-poly of a ghost." It might suit Mr. Besant for a fairy, as he wants one so badly. Mark Twain and Bret Harte continue their respective stories. There is an awesome combination picture, a choice blend of Henry and Edmund—"Truth" and "The World": also an adulteration of Tennyson by Browning: and of Lord Chancellor Crossmith by his imitation Lord Halsbury. These composite portraits are very curious. Conan Doyle's "De Profundis" adds a very readable short story to a very good collection. An idler may pass an hour with this congenial magazine without any risk of being instructed. If he wants to know what is in the number and seeks the table of contents he will have to seek it. It is easier at once to read the whole magazine than to prosecute that quest. There must be some reason for so carefully hiding away what most readers want to consult, but we have not discovered it.

#### KISSING A "SPIRIT."

A correspondent of the "Globe" writes:—In the "More Ghosts" number of the "Review of Reviews," Mr. Stead says that such a thing hardly now exists in England as a materialising medium. But, through the kindness of those two celebrated novelists, Florence Marryat and Annie Thomas, it was my fortune to make the acquaintance of both a materialising medium and some bogies some time ago. I now do not say that I am a believer or an unbeliever: I say that at seances I see and feel things the mere seeing and feeling of which would have been sufficient to procure one, a century or so ago, the honour of a good strong stake and a good hot fire.

I will give a specimen of what occurred as short a time ago as on Sunday, February 21st, 1892, at a seance at Southsea. There were present Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, his brother Captain Arthur Haggard, Captain Mackenzie, Mrs. H—t and Miss H—t, and Mrs. James, the medium, who arrived as a guest only an hour before a seance took place on Saturday night, and who had nothing to do with the arrangements on either night. There were materialisations on Saturday and all sorts of things, but Sunday was more amusing, quite beating Maskelyne and Cooke, so I will describe that evening's performances. After sitting for a short time almost in the dark, manifestations began. Table rappings, scratchings reminding one of rats, table movings, movement of articles on the table, touchings of people on the hand, grasping of their hands and feet by spirit hands soon went on freely; and then occurred twice the curious experience that follows, which the writer has only once before witnessed. The first time, suddenly a chair on which Mrs. James was sitting was violently wrenched from under her, and with great force placed on and suspended from the wrist of Colonel Haggard, who was sitting next to her on her right, and grasping her hand tightly. Their hands were never unclasped, and still remained joined, but were now joined through the back of the chair. Thus matter had been passed through matter. The medium's other hand was also being tightly grasped by one of the men present when this occurred. On the second occasion a chair was in the same way suddenly placed on Mrs. H—t's arm. Just before this happened the first time, the table had rapped out the words "Hold tight," therefore no hands in the circle had been let go for an instant. After and before these strange occurrences there appeared frequently small spirit lights. They appeared chiefly on and near Captain Mackenzie and Miss H—t's hands, and were, as a rule, only seen by those two persons themselves, but sometimes the other persons present saw them also. They were like illuminated diamonds, about the size of a forget-me-not.

After this there were materialisations. Captain Arthur Haggard and Captain Mackenzie took about twenty minutes in tying and sealing up the medium in a chair behind some curtains, which were not drawn. Just as they had finished fastening her up, and she was sitting in the broad gas-light, all the fastenings became suddenly undone without any apparent human agency. Mrs. James had therefore to be tied up again, and this time the spirits kindly left her bound. Curtains were then drawn and gas lowered a bit, when voices were heard at once of various spirits, and the exceptionally beautiful, Minerva-like face of a spirit known as Florence Maple appeared frequently, dematerialising and re-materialising for a few minutes at a time. After much pressing this spirit allowed herself during the course of the evening, on appearing at various times, to be kissed on the lips by three out of the five persons present. A fourth she herself kissed on the cheek. Although this spirit has often been known to place her hand, which, by-the-by, is sometimes cold and clammy and sometimes warm, upon those of people present, she has never been known to be kissed before. She is too sad, serious, and good a spirit to care for anything in the nature of what she imagines to be mere frivolity. The hand and arm of a spirit called Peter also materialised. It was very long and thin; also there appeared the very small hand of a spirit called Lenore. The latter hand was icy cold to touch. To judge from her conversation Lenore is, to say the least of it, a lively young thing. Suddenly she seized with violence the hand of one of those present in her firm grip, dragged it through the curtain, and placed it with great force upon the head of the entranced medium. This she did to prove their separate existences, and the medium was not aroused by the blow. Many other strange things happened. Conversation between the spirits and the circle, on many subjects, was continuous for almost an hour and a half. There were usually two spirits, at least, present at a time. One spirit came and sang a hymn. He calls himself the Vicar of Putney, and sang, very badly, "Art thou weary." One person went behind the curtain with the medium and was touched by spirit hands, the medium remaining bound. Another person went behind, when suddenly, in his presence, all the bonds of the entranced medium, with the exception of one, came undone. The medium then came out of her trance. It was pretty light behind the curtain, as a street lamp shone in. It took a long time in broad gaslight to unfasten the one remaining bond which held Mrs. James to the chair. During the course of the evening we asked Florence Maple in what language the spirits in her sphere conversed. She replied, "In Planetary." Asked to translate various sentences into Planetary, she did so. It sounded like Italian or some soft language of the Sandwich Islands. The following is one of the sentences the solemn-faced, beautiful spirit translated: "I hope we shall meet again soon," which she rendered "Touto somato sovar dasi." In saying "Good-night," we re-echoed her own musical sounding words, "Touto somato sovar dasi."—"Globe."

#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

- "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." Part XX. Price 2s. 6d.
- "The Arena," February, 1892. (London: Brentano's, 5, Agar-street, Strand, W.C.)
- "The Theosophist." Vol. XIII., No. 5. February, 1892. (Madras.)
- "Theosophical Siftings." Vol. IV., No. 17. Price 3d. (7, Duke-street, Adelphi.)
- "Lucifer." Vol. IX., No. 54. (7, Duke-street, Adelphi.) Price 1s. 6d.

A CURIOUS popular superstition, which deepens the present anxiety, is worthy of mention at this time, since I happen to know that, even within the precincts of the Vatican, it has increased the feeling of apprehension. It is this: As the cardinals, members of the Sacred College, are always supposed to die in groups of three, at short intervals from each other, so it is supposed that "the three Popes," as the Roman popular phrase has it, must go together. The "Papa Nero"—black Pope, as the General of the Jesuits is called—has just died; the "Papa Rosso," which is the popular title of the head of the Propaganda, preceded him by only a day or two; and people say, with bated breath, that it is now the turn of the white-robed dweller in the Vatican. This, however (I am still quoting the popular voice) may be averted by the speedy election of another Red Pope; and I learn that Cardinal Aloisi is spoken of as the probable successor of Cardinal Simeoni, as the Prefect of the Propaganda.—"Standard."



OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
2, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

[ "M. A. (OXON.) " ]

SATURDAY, MARCH 5th, 1892.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

"THREE SEVENS."

"DREAMS OF THE DEAD."

"HYPNOTISM AND ITS RELATION TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

If for no better reason than that the books and pamphlets enumerated above lie on our table, and stir various impulses of thought, we propose to mention some of these. To review what we shall have mentioned is impossible. "Three Sevens," with its adaptation to idle curiosity of the ancient initiations into the Mysteries, may pass. To throw a glamour of word-spinning around a subject that should be exempt from such treatment is as easy as it is mischievous; and "The Phelons," as the authors call themselves, have not done their task so well as to merit any more attention.

"Dreams of the Dead" is a book of a higher order. The author, we suppose, would have us to conclude that the education of the soul is conducted in various ways by those guardians who are responsible for its instruction. Some of us learn through the open vision, in face to face converse with our instructors. Some are guided to pick up the crumbs that have fallen from tables spread for others. They are taught by books, or they learn experience denied to themselves by converse with those whose development is in advance of their own. To others the educational period is that of sleep. They are taught in dreams when the outer senses are at rest and the inner consciousness is awake. Whether, as we incline to think, this is effected by a modification of the methods by which the waking consciousness is reached in other cases, or whether the Higher Self gains knowledge for itself, as Mr. Myers would hold, when the demands made by the ordinary consciousness are suspended it is not important to argue, nor does the fact that these "Dreams of the Dead" have a distinct bearing on problems of to-day's life occupy us greatly. The dreamer's sponsor tells us that his friend is a "judicious eclectic," deeply read in the secret doctrines of the past, and an ardent disciple of Edward Bellamy. We are not concerned to discuss rival views of what the future has in store for us. To some it seems that the efforts of the present should be most largely devoted to material problems of existence, the way being thus prepared for spiritual as well as intellectual development. To others, of whom our dreamer is one, it is borne in upon the mind that "before any outward forms of a truer social life are possible the inner spirits of the nations must be inspired from the Eternal." It may well be that the highest wisdom would reply, "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." There is abundant room, as we see the outlook, for both efforts, if, as we earnestly hope, all men will bend their energies to that special work which lies ready to their hands, and leave

the speculative for the realm of action. If a man be consumed with zeal for the amelioration of the external lot of his brother-man he will put him in a position the more easily to develop the growth of his soul. If there are some of us who seek the motive spring within, we shall not be content with the gospel of *laissez aller*, nor leave our regenerate man to the tender mercies of the extortionate and the squalid hopelessness of a life—if so it may be called—which is worse than a living death. There are two ends to the question, and they who begin as opposites will meet midway. When, as is our intention, we are able to recur to Mr Stanton's dreams we shall see one end of the clue that he has in his hand.

Mr. B. O. Flower in his magazine, "The Arena," writes a very suggestive paper entitled "Hypnotism and its Relation to Psychical Research." More important, he rightly thinks, is the establishment of these facts than "this century's crowning achievement in the province of physical science, the establishment of the theory of evolution." Large encouragement is drawn from the fact that "the ascendancy of a strictly critical or scientific method of investigation" is an affair of yesterday. "Mere hearsay no longer satisfies the spirit of the age"—we are all scientific inquirers now, nothing if not Psychists. Mr. Flower rightly plumes himself on this. The train of thought that he stirs in our mind is not quite his. We do not doubt that widespread observation and accurate records of what an investigator finds are most desirable. But at present it is to be feared that all except those who have had their training in a school other than that of the physicist are apt to see what the eye brings with it. We shall have danger of one-sidedness, but we shall survive that risk if only we recognise its existence. It is no little gain to get "the old ideas of mental limitation radically changed;" to have partially opened the closed door; to have "caught a glimpse of the potentiality of the human mind."

One or more such glimpses we find in Mr. F. W. H. Myers's elaborate paper on "The Subliminal Consciousness" in the February number of the "Proceedings" of his Society. There have been, since the time when men opened their eyes to psychical research, many who have done work in a subject which they found unpopular and have made fashionable. It is no disparagement to the claims of others in this department if we remember the work of the late Edmund Gurney, and, with this number of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" before us, the tireless energy and labour of Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Messrs. Myers and Oliver Lodge and Mrs. Sidgwick divide some hundred pages between them, Mr. Myers easily carrying off the honours with his important paper on "The Subliminal Consciousness." Having devoted four papers in the years 1884-9 to automatism, he is led by the influx of fresh evidence to modify his plan of treatment and to give us on a more comprehensive scale a review of what is more widely accepted as, at least, a working hypothesis, supplied by steadily-growing facts, viz., a sub-consciousness in man which is not coterminous with that waking consciousness of which he and his friends are aware. A study of the indications of a wider consciousness than that which is concerned with the affairs of daily working life is obviously most important. To this both Mr. B. O. Flower and Mr. F. W. H. Myers contribute, the latter with all the fulness of detail and clearness which characterise his many contributions to our store of knowledge.

The same number contains a valuable review by Mr. C. C. Massey of a book called "Riddles of the Sphinx." The book is a study in the philosophy of Evolution, and the reviewer's account of his author starts some very complex problems to which we can but refer our philosophical readers, with a promise for them of much instruction if they will take the requisite pains to master a necessarily abstruse argument.



# RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

## No. VI.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

In November we returned to London and again renewed our seances with Mr. S. M. We sat for the first time on the 17th, but the break of two months had lessened the power and we could only get incoherent rapping.

On the following evening we met again. Raps were more numerous, some very loud, and the table moved.

On the evening of the 19th we had again very loud raps. The table also moved, and message given through the alphabet: "Welcome. We rejoice. Try test.—HOLMES."\* That same evening Mr. S. M. saw a beautiful luminous figure standing between himself and me. He said, "I wonder who it is?" On asking the question by raps was given the name of an old friend, Mr. C., whom he had lately seen after his decease. The figure then vanished.

On the 20th we met for a very short time. Raps and movement of table occurred.

22nd. Raps very distinct and loud all over the room, on the bookcase, harmonium, and medium's chair. The table became very excited, moving backwards and forwards with great rapidity, no hands touching it. Message: "We have done all; go."

25th. Short seance; usual raps, and a little spirit, who gave his name as Dickey,† manifested.

26th. We invited Mr. Williams to join our circle, but we sat for two hours without getting any manifestations. After he left we had raps very quickly given. Our spirit-friends evidently did not wish a stranger in our seance-room.

28th. We sat at first with a little light, but the power seemed weak, and we put it out. Loud raps then came through the alphabet: "Darkness; not light; force insufficient."

29th. We met for a short time; raps, and a sawing sound. Imperator's thuds very loud. Message: "Stop." On the following evening the manifestations were disturbed; table rushing about in a violent manner and raps loud.

## DECEMBER.

Sunday, 1st. Our circle met in the study as usual, this being the room the spirits had told us to set apart for our seances. Dr. S. suspended a box from the gas-light, and put one on the table. Raps came on table and both boxes, and the suspended one was made to swing backwards and forwards without our touching it. Mr. S. M. requested the little spirit who had given the name of Dickey to fetch us something. The rapping instantly ceased. Presently Mr. S. M. said, "Where is Dickey?" I said, "Gone to fetch something." Instantly fourteen visiting cards were put down between us on the table; he had brought them from the drawing-room through the locked door of the room in which we were sitting.

After this Imperator came, announcing himself by slow, stately, muffled thuds on the table. Mr. S. M. held a conversation with him, telling him we wished for some means of communication with himself. Imperator then asked for the alphabet. We had got to the letter w, when unfortunately Dr. S. said, "Now let us all take our hands off while Imperator raps." A little discussion ensued as to the advisability of removing hands during a message, making it more difficult for the spirit to give it. This, of course, upset conditions, which ought always to be harmonious, and when we continued repeating the alphabet no answer came. Imperator left, evidently offended with the interruption, without closing the seance as he always had done.

Tuesday, 3rd. We met this evening in the billiard-room; sat in firelight. Imperator did not come near us. The physical manifestations were very strong. Mr. S. M. was levitated. Dr. S.'s chair moved for the first time. A heavy round table was lifted up and down, and shunted about, hands scarcely touching it. A heavy chair was placed on the table. Mr. S. M., not liking such strong manifestations of power, moved to the other end of the

room, when instantly as he approached it another large table began to move. We then closed the seance, not wishing for more physical manifestations, these being the strongest we had yet witnessed.

Friday, 6th. We met in the study. Dr. S. had made a cross with phosphorus and fastened it to a box, hoping the spirits would make it dance about. The table tilted uneasily, and through the alphabet we were told "to go and leave the phosphorus." We then went into the dining-room, the large table was moved, and a spirit came, calling himself Imperator. He wrote through the medium, "No phosphorus. Be patient and quiet." In another handwriting we were told to go back to the study, and they would do what they could for us. We returned, but nothing was done. The medium felt Imperator had not been with us; the influence was altogether different.

Sunday, 8th. The circle met in study at 9.30. Several small raps occurred before Imperator came. He held a most interesting conversation with us through the alphabet. Mr. S. M. asked: "Are you Imperator?" "Yes." "Were you with us on Friday evening?" "No." "Who was it?" "A bad spirit." "Why did you not come?" "Circle inharmonious." He alluded to the time when Dr. S. wished for a test in the middle of a sentence. The medium and myself thought it unwise and unnecessary, hence the inharmony. We then asked: "Were you offended with Dr. S.?" "Yes," very decidedly. Dr. Speer said he was sorry. Imperator rapped loudly, and seemed pleased with the apology. Mr. S. M. then said he ought not to take offence where none was intended. Imperator answered by raps, and seemed satisfied. A long conversation took place. We were then told to sit (if possible) four times a week. Many other questions were answered. The raps then told us to "Stop," and "God bless you."

December 9th. We met as usual. Imperator soon came, at first rapping on the table very softly. By request he rapped louder. He answered many questions; commented also on our conversation. The table seemed as intelligent as the sitters round it. Many questions were asked and answers readily given. A personal friend of Mr. S. M.'s was brought at request, and gave a test of his identity by reference to a letter written by Mr. S. M. to him during his last illness. The last was one that was known only to the medium, but it would, of course, be present to his mind.\*

Thursday, 12th. We met as usual. Dickey came and rapped on chair and table. The distant thud of Imperator was soon heard, and when it came on the table Mr. S. M. asked many questions. "Have you appeared to me lately in a dream?" "Yes." "You can impress me in dreams?" "Yes." Many other questions were then asked and answered. Imperator then said, "Watch." After a little time had elapsed Mr. S. M. saw a column of light standing between me and himself. It gradually took the form of a figure, with well-cut features and outstretched hand. After it was formed it moved, and stood bending over Mr. S. M. It then gradually vanished, and raps were again heard on the table. Through it we were told the figure was that of Imperator.

Saturday, 14th. Dr. and Mrs. S. and Mr. E. sat. Only a few faint sounds were heard, and light was seen in the room coming and going. Mr. E. said he saw five stars of light behind Mrs. S.

Sunday, 15th. Our circle admitted Mr. E. to its evening seance, as he was most anxious to see something of the much-talked-of spiritual manifestations. Imperator did not come near us. Dickey made many raps in different parts of the room, and on being told to fetch us something, brought two pieces of an ivory puzzle from the drawing-room, and a handful of sugar from the dining-room, which he threw all over us and the table, the room door being fast locked. We felt all was not right, as Imperator withheld his presence. On the following evening we sat without Mr. E. On sitting down Dickey soon came and manifested in his usual manner. The table was then moved very roughly, and Imperator's rap was heard expressive of great indignation. The raps he made were the loudest we have ever heard. He was most indignant that we had allowed a stranger into our seance-room; he refused to be pacified; called for alphabet, rapped out, "We will withdraw all manifestations if the conditions are changed; never do it again or I will withdraw the medium. It is difficult enough to communicate with-

\* I.e., with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes, American mediums, then at Old Quebec-street, by the Marble Arch.

† This was a very frisky little being, and for some time seemed to take the part of the attendant spirit of the circle. There are always such, so far as I have seen.—S. M.

\* We were not at that time aware of how much is made of this transference of ideas. Since that period we have had many pieces of information that were unknown to any person present.—S. M.



out your making it more so." Dr. S. said, "You wish the circle to remain as it is?" "Yes." "And what then?" "Great results," was rapped out. "Never do it again," was repeated in an impressive manner; and Imperator left without bidding us "Good-night." We felt we must obey in the future. No one in the flesh could have shown greater indignation than the spirit known by us as Imperator did.\*

### THEOSOPHY: ITS DOCTRINES AND DELUSIONS.

Mr. Wotherspoon, M.A., in his recent lecture at St. George's Hall, on "Theosophy: its Doctrines and Delusions," advised his audience to let Theosophy alone. It was too much up in the air for practical purposes. Those who had time to devote themselves to abstract subjects would do well not to neglect ascertainable truth for the creations of a disordered brain. Mr. Sinnett had said that the Theosophists were travelling towards a brilliant terminus. The lecturer opined that those who journeyed by the Theosophical railway would not get further out of London than Hanwell. There were purple patches of truth in it, but they only served to make the shoddy more apparent. Not that Mr. Wotherspoon gave himself up wholly to denunciation of the "Secret Doctrine." He began his lecture by an impartial enunciation of it, illustrated by huge diagrams, and eulogised the doctrine of "Karma," which teaches that the human "ego" reaps in a further existence the result of its deeds in this, and pays for past misdeeds in the present life. This he found more reasonable than a death-bed repentance and vicarious atonement, however strongly that theory might appeal to the emotions. The Theosophical universe was prettily arranged, and too symmetrical for mundane notions drawn from experience in this life; but, to quote the words of the little lawyer in "Pickwick," it was "very nice, very natural, but who is to prove it?" The Adepts, or Mahatmas (a word which means great souls) were said to have kept the lamp of Theosophy alight. But again there came the question, What proof have we of their existence? We were told that they only revealed themselves to the deserving. It would be possible to meet them on the sacred shores of the Sea of Galilee, amid the ruins of Thebes, but it was affirmed that their favourite habitat was Tibet. Now, Tibet was almost a *terra incognita*. It was peculiarly difficult of access to Englishmen. The intrepid agents of the Indian Government who penetrated it brought back but scanty information. If there was a country in the habitable globe suitable for the *locus* of a community not courting investigation, that country was Tibet. The relations of Mr. Sinnett with Koot Hoomi were referred to, and the reticence of that Mahatma was laid stress upon. When Mr. Sinnett wished for a copy of that day's *Times* in India, there came the answer, "Precisely because the production of the London newspaper would close the mouths of sceptics, it is inadmissible." The visit of Mr. Hodgson to India, and the *exposé* of the Adyar shrine, were then gone into. The full details of the incident are to be found in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." The lecturer then alluded to the fourth dimension of space, which was to explain everything, but which had not yet been made evident. The number seven, dealt in so largely by Theosophists, was like much of their doctrine, based on ancient misconceptions. It was probably derived from the seven planets. Had Uranus been discovered, or had our Mahatma discovered Neptune, we should probably not have heard so much of the mystic seven in Eastern theories. The audience received the allusion to the late Professor Adams with warm applause, a gratifying fact, inasmuch as it shows that there are a few people in England who appreciate the worth of that truly great man as much as they do in France and Germany and Italy. His almost unnoticed death was a national disgrace. The lecturer admitted that there were some happy guesses at truth in Theosophy, but they were not new, and they were swathed in silly details. It proclaimed Universal Brotherhood, but with its theories of Reincarnation, "devachan," and a cycle of nearly forty thousand existences, they reduced this life to an almost negligible quantity. The conclusion to be drawn was that Theosophy was an *ignis fatuus*.—"Daily Chronicle."

\* We had not yet realised that these manifestations were not made for our amusement, and that we could easily render regular communication impossible by varying the conditions. The spirit, Imperator, was absolutely absorbed in his work, and resented interference with it.—S. M.

### SPIRIT IDENTITY.

BY "EDINA."

#### PART II.

#### THE CASE OF MR. MOFFAT.

A very short time after the message referred to in the preceding article, purporting to come from Dr. Livingstone, was written, our family medium was taking a walk in one of the streets of the west-end of the City. Her companion was a deaf and dumb young lady, and so far as I can recollect, the time of day would be about 3 p.m. Suddenly there came quite close to her (she said) an elderly gentleman with a white beard, wearing a soft felt hat such as clergymen often wear when on holiday. He was so "real" that at the first glance she imagined he was a denizen of this world, but her inner vision soon told her he was a visitor from the "other side." He began to speak to her by means of his fingers, using them with considerable dexterity, and told her he was Mr. Moffat, the African missionary, and related to Dr. Livingstone. The situation was now extremely awkward, and our medium says she became pale and scared, and no wonder, for on the one side was a denizen of this world speaking the deaf and dumb alphabet on her fingers, and on the other side of her was a visitor from the spirit world conducting a similar performance. She tells us that her perturbation became so marked that her companion said, "Are you ill?" At this juncture her embarrassment was suddenly removed by her companion remembering she had to make a business call at a place they were just passing, and our daughter agreed to wait outside for her for a few minutes. She was thus free to devote her attention for a brief space to her "ghostly visitor," who stood smiling at her on the pavement. During the short conversation he had with the medium, the person calling himself Mr. Moffat gave her, she said, a sketch of his career, and his connection by marriage with Dr. Livingstone, told her his birthplace and where he was educated, spoke of his work in Africa, and finally told her when and where he died. At this juncture our medium's companion came out of the house at which she had been calling, and the "person" calling himself Mr. Moffat said, "I must be going, here is your companion," and, raising his hat, he instantly was lost to view. On her return home it was evident from her agitated appearance that the medium had been considerably scared by this *rencontre* with a ghostly visitor under the above circumstances, and she at once told us the incident, and asked if there was such a person as Mr. Moffat, and if he had been related to Dr. Livingstone. Of course, I knew of Mr. Moffat, and his relation to Dr. Livingstone, who had married his daughter; but the remaining details were unknown to me. At my club I consulted the Annual Register for the year of Moffat's death, but the details were not given with sufficient fulness. I then went to the public library to look up the illustrated papers of the date on which Mr. Moffat died to see if his portrait and biography had appeared there; but, unfortunately, the volume which would have contained them was the only one wanting in the reference library, and, rather disgusted, I went no further in the way of getting the details wanted. So far as I can recollect, Mr. Myers was duly informed by me of the occurrence as bearing on Livingstone's case, and I promised, if identity could be proved later, he should be informed of the circumstances. There the matter would have remained but for a very lucky incident, almost verifying the adage that "everything comes to him who waits." About a month after the occurrence above given there was handed in at our door one of the leaflets of the Monthly Visitor Tract Society, containing a biography and portrait of Mr. Moffat. I was the first person to handle the tract and consequently our medium had no chance of having a preliminary glance at it. The portrait was evidently a reproduction of a photograph of the African missionary, and here, as on former occasions, every care was taken to make the identification a test one, as the name of Mr. Moffat was carefully covered up, and only the face shown to the medium without remark. She at once said, "Oh, that is the old gentleman, Mr. Moffat, who spoke to me when I was walking with Miss — in — street, only his beard was not quite so nicely trimmed as it looks in this picture." We then went over the points noted in the biography with



the medium, and all the places mentioned by him to her in the short conversation he had with her in the street were distinctly confirmed, particularly the village where Moffat was educated, which he had named as the place "where he learnt his A B C."

All these facts were duly communicated by me to the Society for Psychical Research as a supplement to the case of Dr. Livingstone, and the tract duly forwarded to Mr. Myers for inspection, but—probably because they were deemed irrelevant to the issue submitted—they have not, so far as I can at present recollect, been once alluded to in the delegate's report. My contention on the issue submitted is that Mr. Moffat's appearance on the scene was a supplementary episode designed to convince us that his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, had been with us before, and had written a message or messages through the hand of the medium. True, Mr. Moffat did not say, "My son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, came to you before, and has written a message in your book." Probably if he had had time to say more and the medium had not been agitated by his appearance as above, some confirmatory evidence might have been got, but matters standing as they are, my contention is that unless Livingstone had *first* come the medium would never have seen Moffat, and that he (Livingstone) had probably sent his father-in-law for two purposes: (1) To convince us of the genuineness of his communications, and (2) to afford us evidence of his (Moffat's) spirit identity and continued existence after death. Then the identification of the portrait under test conditions, weeks after the medium had seen her interlocutor in the street, and had in all probability forgotten the incident, is a piece of real evidence in the case. It certainly goes to establish the identity of Moffat if it cannot aid in proving the genuineness of the Livingstone appearance and messages.

The case is, I admit, a difficult and complex one, largely owing to the unsatisfactory and mixed-up nature of the message of July 30th, 1890; but as, in my judgment, it received but scanty justice from the delegate of the Society for Psychical Research, I am glad to be able to lay it in its entirety before your readers as another contribution to the great problem of spirit identity. There I leave it with this simple remark, that the whole facts have been stated with as much fairness and scrupulosity as is possible under the circumstances.

P.S.—The two articles bearing on this case had been written by me, and were lying in a drawer on Friday, January 29th. None of my family knew of their existence or contents. On the afternoon of the day just noted my daughter said, "Dr. Livingstone came to me this forenoon and said, 'I understand your father wants more information about me. If you will take your pen now I will write a message.'" The medium's time did not then permit, but she informed him that another spirit was to write the next afternoon, whereupon the person calling himself "Dr. Livingstone" stated he would write at the same time. He did so, and the message is now before me. It is so important, and the details so interesting, that I must crave permission for space to deal with it in a third and concluding article.

#### SOCIAL EVENING AT 2, DUKE STREET, W.C.

We beg to remind our readers that the second of the monthly meetings, on the second Tuesday in each month up to and including June, will be held at the rooms of the Alliance, on Tuesday next, from 6.30 to 9 p.m. Members are allowed to introduce friends with due regard to our very limited space

ONE of the queerest superstitions that ever entered the human head is that of finding the body of a drowned man by means of his shirt. Last spring a man was drowned in the river in front of the East St. Louis levee. Search was made with boats for the body, but without success. Some one recalled the superstition, and the searchers took the shirt the man had laid aside when he went in bathing, spread it out on the water and let it float away. It had floated for awhile, then sank, and they searched for the body where the shirt went down, and, sure enough, found it not far away. One case of this kind, of course, does not make a rule, but the manager in this instance said he had seen it tried dozens of times and it never failed.—"St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

#### BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT: THE SEMBLANCE OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

Whilst lately lying on a bed of sickness weary in body and spirit, the following strange metaphysical theory presented itself to my weary mind. And as it gradually unfolded itself, my weariness and pain were forgotten, for the time, in my endeavour to follow the path of my thoughts, little foreseeing what a strange theory was being built up in my absorbed mind.

My thoughts had been wandering over many places and events, until they finally settled down on the relationship of the Soul and Spirit of man to his Body. The body dies, is laid in the grave to return to dust, whilst the soul and spirit return to the Creator.

When my thoughts had reached this point, the question arose within me, Is this really death, or is it simply a change? This again, in its turn, gave rise to another question, What is death? is it but a change itself, or is it annihilation?

We know, as far as man's reasoning faculties and experiments go, that in any process through which the elements of this world can pass, nothing is lost: they may be changed, so as to show different properties from those that they have shown hitherto, but nothing is in reality lost: the scientist can destroy none of them, neither can he create anything more: his power is limited to that of changing.

When the world was created all things were created by God, and without Him there was not anything created, neither then nor since. To man, the creature of His hands, He gave certain powers to change for his use the elements of this world, but *not* to create, far less to destroy, or annihilate, for that would have been to undo the work of the Creator. Everything material that was created at the beginning remains to this day, not one iota is wanting.

Reasoning thus we can only come to the conclusion that death is not annihilation, but change. Body, Soul and Spirit remain, only a different arrangement has taken place: the soul and spirit have left the body, the latter, the material element of the three, has returned to its original state, whilst the soul and spirit, separated from the body have entered into another state, the shell or case having simply been laid aside, the time having arrived for their separation. So that when we say death is but a change, we infer that death and change are interchangeable terms, and that when we say man dies, we simply mean a change takes place between body, soul and spirit. The soul and spirit still live, but the body lies cold and lifeless. The only change which has befallen the spirit is that of having thrown off its bodily covering and entered into spiritual life. It lives, with as much life as ever it had: it cannot die. Not so the body, whether before the spirit has left it, or after: it can undergo mutilation. As long as the spirit remained in the body the latter showed perceptible warmth and motion, because it was for the time endowed with the living spirit which filled and pervaded every part of it, being the moving principle of the body, without which the body could not exhibit life properties—heat and motion—as is fully exemplified when the soul and spirit leave it.

At this point I asked myself what causes the heat and motion of any portion of the body? The answer to the first part of this question may be expressed as resulting from the combined action of what may be called Electro-Biological batteries which pervade the body of man, together with the chemical changes which are continually taking place within it, urging the presence of the spirit within its frame. Every portion of the body is built up of innumerable electro-batteries, which by their action produce heat. Chemical changes likewise produce heat by the conversion of simple or compound elements into others: for instance, the air we breathe, the solid and liquid food we partake of, all produce heat during their chemical conversion into other complex compounds, so long as the batteries spoken of continue to act, which can only be so long as the spirit is present.

As regards the cause of motion, it can only arise from the will of the spirit. If an arm or leg moves, or an eye opens or shuts, it is the spirit within the body, which wills and causes such movement. The body has no power of itself to move, it not having life, nor was it ever endowed with life apart from the spirit and soul, therefore not having life, it being only so much natural material surrounding the living spirit within it, it cannot choose to do



anything, nor does it do anything, without being moved by the guiding spirit within. So that it is the spirit which thinks, acts, and feels: the body no more feels than does a piece of wood, stone or clay; it is the spirit which feels pleasure or suffers pain through the agency of the body: it is really not the body which perceives and feels.

There is, therefore, no such thing as bodily pain—actual bodily pain—it is to us during our life here only so *apparently*; the body neither has this sense, nor is it possessed of any one of the other four senses. So that it follows when a surgeon cuts a portion of the body away, say a leg or arm, the pain is not felt by the body, but by the spirit.

It was at this point of my communings there came the startling theory to my mind, mentioned at the beginning of this article, namely:—If the body is filled and pervaded with the spirit, what happens when a portion of that body is cut off from the rest?

As we cannot touch or mutilate the spirit, it must be apparent that it is still as a whole spirit there, although only part of the natural body or shell is present. That fact granted, which I think all must grant, it follows that although a body may be only partially complete, still it must have the whole of its spiritual body present, and when we see a man with only one leg, or arm, we shall be justified in supposing the spirit body is complete, though the physical body is mutilated.

Continuing to follow up this theory, it does not seem quite so strange to us when a man who has lost a leg says in all seriousness, that he can feel and move the foot and toes of the missing limb, with almost the same amount of feeling as he has with the remaining limb left.

Continuing my communings, I inquired within myself, When the spirit is leaving the body, which part of the body does it leave last? We know that when a person is dying, the lower extremities of the body lose heat first: they become cold, the coldness gradually creeps upwards, and not unfrequently does the dying person complain how cold it has become. This is the expression of the departing spirit: it feels the change of temperature which the body is slowly undergoing. And how often it occurs that a dying person, at the last moment of the separation of the spirit from the body, will for a moment revive, like the last flicker of a light dying out, and with earnest look in its fast-dimming eyes seem to see something we cannot see, and sometimes even pronounce a name, perhaps of some beloved one, whose body had long since returned to dust, but whose spirit had come to meet the departing one on its entrance into that other state of life which all look forward to, but none can realise.

It may be reasoned from this that the head—the seat of life—is the last part the spirit leaves when separating from the body.

Were I gifted with the power of one of the old master painters, I would paint such a picture of death as would more clearly carry conviction to the mind of man than any words of mine can possibly do. I would paint the form of the dying body, with the pale hue of death stealing over its features as it cast its last look on earth: the faintly perceptible form of the spiritual body, as it was emerging out of the body. The features should bear an exact resemblance each to the other; one showing the impress of death in its pale cheeks, whilst the other should bear the look of life on its entering into its new state. Such a picture would tend to bring home to man what death really means.

Many persons affect not to believe in the presence of spirits around us. Such I would refer to one instance only among many that could be cited. It is the case of Elisha and his servant, as stated in Holy Writ, in the Second Book of Kings vi. 9-17. There it is recorded that Elisha, compassed about with horses, chariots, and a great host, sent by the King of Syria to seize him, was on a mountain with his servant, who, full of terror, exclaimed, "Alas! my master, how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes that he may see. And behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha, together with a far mightier host than his enemies."

Having dwelt so long on the relationship of the spirit to the body, my thoughts passed on to the relationship of the soul to the spirit. Having seen how the material body encased the spiritual body, the spirit dwelling in the body

and giving it apparently the functions of life, so it seemed to me does the spirit (*i.e.*, the spiritual body of Paul) encase the soul. The living soul which God the Creator breathed into man dwells *within* the spiritual body, and when in the physical or natural body is shielded by the spiritual body.

So in that spiritual world to which it goes, after separating from the natural body, the soul will always remain within the spiritual body, and the spirits as they mingle amongst each other will only be able to see the spiritual bodies of each other, but never the souls within them.

The souls being the living breath of "God" giving undying life to the spiritual bodies.

And so it will be with regard to the "Holy Trinity" in Heaven.

God the Father we shall see in His spiritual form.

God the Son we shall see also in His spiritual form; but

God the Holy Ghost, which dwelleth in them, we shall not see at any time.

Such were the thoughts which came to me, and which I have given as they appeared. May it not have been that some unseen spiritual friend had been thus holding communion with my spirit? Who can tell? I sometimes think so.

As my reveries thus terminated, the beautiful words of the "Song Celestial" came up before me:—

"Never the spirit was born, the spirit will cease to be never;  
Never was time it was not; end and beginning are dreams:  
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the  
spirit for ever;  
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house  
of it seems!"

Runcorn, 1891.

JAMES GRAHAM TATTERS.

### REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

FROM THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

It may be interesting to you, and the readers of the "Harbinger of Light," to know we have a small circle meeting regularly twice a week, in which we have every prospect of getting materialised forms. Our medium, Mr. Lampard, is a florist. His attention was first directed to Spiritualism through hearing a lecture by Mrs. Harris, "What is Spiritualism?" when he decided with several others to investigate the subject. Having for some time met in the usual fashion without obtaining any results, the circle came to the conclusion they would give it up, and sat for the last time, when their attention was attracted by knocks.

I need not say this gave a fresh impulse to the sittings, and the discovery of the medium. All the usual phenomena attending a physical medium were experienced, leading up to the most beautiful lights, and white drapery of delicate texture, which we are allowed to touch and examine.

The control promised to allow us to cut a piece off, and in a pleasant way said when they could materialise it they would let us know, and guaranteed we would not be able to match it.

I enclose you a piece; we have failed to match it here, perhaps you can in Melbourne. At our sitting last night the medium was covered with this drapery from head to feet. It also reached from the ceiling to the ground in the cabinet, while the medium stood outside.

Large lights appeared on the medium's breast, at his feet, and round the cabinet, sometimes coming a little way outside. Frequently they are brought out on the medium's hand, and we are allowed to touch them. We entertain high hopes of being able to see the spirit-forms in a short time. We get usually at the beginning of the circle very interesting lectures. We were told last time the *modus operandi* of bringing the drapery into existence was that there are myriads of atoms floating in our atmosphere, and with their knowledge of electricity and magnetism they can almost all will unite these particles, and shape them as they please.

The controls have invited us to pursue our investigations under test conditions, and I shall be glad to send you particulars as we proceed. As this phase of mediumship is new to us we shall be glad of any advice you can give us on the subject.

I may add that it was through the medium of your paper, the "Harbinger of Light," over twenty years ago, my attention was first directed to Spiritualism; and, although I have had many doubts on the subject, I have untiringly pursued the investigation when opportunity offered, and trust in a short time to be amply rewarded.



You can make what use you like of this information.  
—Yours sincerely, S. FIZZELL.

[We have submitted the muslin referred to to a friend who is an "expert," and this is what he says of it:—

"I have never seen any muslin like the enclosed, it seems blown together by some creative energy, and I should say it was next to impossible for the hand of man or for any machinery to weave such a cloth."—ED. "Harbinger of Light."]

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with, for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

#### Prophetic Dream Vision.

SIR,—On the night of February 3rd a very clear vision of North New Zealand, in the vicinity of Auckland, rose before the mind. I seemed to be transported to that country. The time was early morning and chilly, as if the night had been wet. Some trees, among them a birch tree not then in leaf, were prominent features in the scene. White villas appeared in the distance, which I took to be those on the outskirts of Auckland, though a person near me said the city was further off. When I came to where the villas were, only a collection of sunken walls appeared. They were in a very low situation, and somehow seemed as if they were connected with water tanks. Then as the day rose the heat increased greatly. I procured two sun hats, such as those worn in India, to keep out the rays of the sun. I would here mention that before the great eruption in New Zealand some few years ago I had another vision of that country, which was as follows:—Two enormous dead trees loomed threateningly over a wooded district in the north-east; black masses of clouds rested upon the mountains, and as these passed from view cattle crowded around the homesteads, as after the eruption they did for want of grass. This vision was reported to some persons before the eruption occurred. Perhaps the present denotes heat and drought with or without earthquake shocks. W. S.

#### Spiritualism Without Spirits.

SIR,—Your contributor who signs himself "Alif" seems to be much exercised in mind over the theory of a dual or multiple personality in man, a theory the credit of which he divides between H. P. Blavatsky and the Abbé Louis Constant, with a reversion to the Society for Psychical Research.

I am not at all concerned with "Eliphas Levi," who has probably long ago learned the truth of the matter and ceased to care what people say of him. As for the Society named, we know that corporations have no souls to be saved, or otherwise dealt with—which may be fortunate sometimes—so the subject can only possess an academical interest for it. But I should like to point out that the theory possesses a far greater antiquity than "Alif" assigns to it, and that Madame Blavatsky, who reasserted the doctrine, but never pretended to any rights of property in it, was able to call a cloud of witnesses from among the most distinguished names of antiquity in its support—in support, that is to say, of a distinction between what is generally called soul and spirit; between what the Theosophists of to-day call personality and individuality; what the Theosophists of the middle ages called *anima bruta* and *anima divina*: what Aristotle called *psyche* and *nous*, and so on; for, as for dual personality, such as is referred to in the examples "Alif" brings forward, where each contrasted state is equally attributable to brain action and is not obviously connected with the soul, still less with spirit, that is a subject proper to the investigations of mental science, and I cannot recall a passage in which H. P. Blavatsky dealt authoritatively with it.

"Alif" seems to use "Spirit," "Soul," and "Personality" as interchangeable terms, which they are not; and, until we agree upon definitions of these terms, any discussion is likely to lead to deeper depths of obscurity. It is true that in one place "Alif" seems to be on the point of defining what he means by "personality," but he wanders away into a description of how he thinks it grows, and that does not help us much.

It is, no doubt, partly this confusion of thought, and partly some baseless indignation which distracts his mind, that leads "Alif" astray into penning those astounding sentences about Schneider. Why, in the name of the most

elementary reason, should that polluted and degraded "personality" be supposed on *any* theory to attain "two seconds after death . . . to a moral state far more lofty and pure than that of St. John, or Swedenborg, or General Gordon"? That would indeed be "a most immoral doctrine," but no one has ever enunciated it except "Alif." "All stain of evil having been removed" from a nature all bad, what remained might indeed "be perfection," but it would be the perfection of absolute vacuity or nothingness. The principle involved in that idea is not immoral, but the perfection of non-vindictive justice.

With what "Alif" means by his final paragraph, and why one soul should eat up another, unless, indeed, it were the soul of a cannibal; where the *reductio ad absurdum* comes in; and how "three Léonics" have been able to overthrow the "gospel of Psychical Research," whatever that may be, I have fortunately no concern. The Society for Psychical Research are the defendants, and when their powers of research have fathomed the meaning of the passage, they may, if they think it worth while, address themselves to the task of replying to it. All I have wished to do is to protest against a distortion of the teachings of Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophists, based largely upon a misconception of the meaning of certain terms and a blameable carelessness of statement.

J. C. S., F.R.S.

#### Jacques Inaudi Once More.

SIR,—The "Daily Telegraph" of February 15th has another paragraph about Jacques Inaudi, "the Modern Babbage," in its "Paris Day by Day." It says: "Inaudi, the calculating prodigy, was subjected to some severe tests yesterday in the Sorbonne, before an audience composed of professors and pupils of all the Paris Lycées. Both teachers and students put abstruse arithmetical problems before him; but Inaudi never faltered, effecting multiplications and divisions of sums containing twenty-four figures, and extracting square and cube roots with seventeen decimal places in an astoundingly rapid manner. After having finished these calculations, Inaudi carefully repeated on the black-board all the figures which he had mentally operated upon without having seen them. It is noteworthy that the young man's faculties are slow as regards everything not connected with arithmetical or algebraic quantities. That he reads and writes only indifferently well, and stated yesterday that he could not commit to memory the shortest extract from a literary work. Inaudi is simply a calculating machine and nothing more."

Inaudi is said by the "Revue Spirite" of May, 1880, to have an enormous skull, more developed on the right side than on the left."

Why, the right is the soul and dream side of the head, the lobe which the sub-conscious personality occupies. Mr. Stead in his number of the "Review of Reviews" for Christmas, 1891, p. 14, with all due recognition of the initiative of the French hypnotists, tells us:—

"The conscious personality occupies the left side, and the sub-conscious personality occupies the right side of the head." No wonder, then, that Inaudi's skull should be larger on the soul side than on the carnal side. The sub-conscious personality is only another term for the long-recognised double. The calculating powers of Inaudi seem to have been quite as great at twelve years old as they are at twenty-four; grand as they are, they have not increased in wisdom as he has increased in stature, and yet we are told: "A personality is a growth." Now, are we to put down all this arithmetical acumen to the unassisted faculty of the sub-conscious personality of the child, from the time of his mother's death? Or are we to attribute it to this faculty and acuity of the soul or sub-conscious personality or double of the child with the large brain, to be dictated to by a spirit or spirits? We hear nothing of this faculty being displayed until after his mother's death. The boy had the enlarged brain on the right side all along, but we hear nothing of its working in his earlier days. No; Inaudi told M. Bouillac: "It is my mother that is dead who does all this for me that I may gain my bread." It seems, then, that the clairaudience became predominant only after his mother's decease, when he had to gain his own livelihood.

What, then, is this strange phenomenon? Does it proceed from Inaudi's soul in communion with beneficent spirits of the dead, that which was called in earlier days "the communion of saints," or does it proceed from his soul



alone, call it sub-conscious personality or what you will, unassisted by external spirits? He certainly did not hear and see his "dead mother" while she was alive. Why, then, should this accentuated soul-seeing and soul-hearing come upon him only after that event, if it is the unassisted sub-conscious personality, the double, the soul alone which is doing all this great work now, as the Society for Psychical Research people would have us believe? No; Inaudi's soul is undoubtedly, by his own showing, like that of so many others now, in touch with external spirits: like M. Bouillac himself, "he talks with the dead." At least, so he said, and I believe him. The leaden-headed have still to learn that clairaudience and clairvoyance are just as evident to the soul's eyes and ears through what is called "the sixth sense," as anything that the leaden-headed may hear and see by the outer senses; and indeed, often more so.

The "Daily Telegraph" of February 15th calls Inaudi "simply a calculating machine and nothing more." I have called him "a good tool," which means much the same thing as a machine; "a good tool," not from any spontaneity of what is called his own soul, or sub-conscious personality, or double, that is only a means to an end, but a good tool of external spirits, spirits of the enlightened dead speaking through his soul to his brain on the soul side. Inaudi, the great modern calculator, like Signor Gino Fancuillani, the great modern Florentine poet, receives his supernatural intelligence by soul-hearing or clairaudience. As M. Bouillac tells us, he gets his abstruse answers "not by thinking, but by listening." In fact, like M. Bouillac himself, and a good many others in these our days, "he talks with the dead." T. W.

#### Apparition at Death.

SIR,—I have received from Australia a paper found by a friend of mine, whom I can absolutely trust, among the private papers of his uncle recently deceased; and it appears of sufficient interest to place before the readers of "LIGHT." The writer is well known to him.

On the evening of Wednesday, October 24th, 1860, having retired to bed about nine o'clock, I had slept, I conclude about two hours, making it then about eleven o'clock p.m. I was awakened from my sleep by a hand touching my forehead, and the well-known voice of Mrs. B. pronouncing my name E. I started up, and then saw Mrs. B. From the head to the waist the figure was distinct, clear, and well-defined: but from the waist downwards it was all misty and the lower part transparent. She appeared to be dressed in black silk. Her countenance was grave and rather sad, yet not unhappy.

The words she first uttered were: 'I have left dear John'; what followed related entirely to myself, and she was permitted by a kind Providence to speak words of mercy, promise and comfort, assuring me that what I most wished for would come to pass. She came to me in an hour of bitter mental agony, and was sent as a messenger of mercy.

I would have spoken more to her, but the form faded, and in answer to an earnest appeal, a voice came to me which, though apparently hundreds of miles away, was distinct and clear, saying, 'Only believe,' and she was gone.

Throughout the interview I felt no fear, but an inward, Heavenly peace. . . . The room was as light as day! . . . \* \* \*

To this I may add that the moon was then ten days old (so I am informed), and did not set till about three hours after: the night was cloudy and wet, but the writer records that it was, during the apparition, as light as day—clearly an abnormal light. The writer was an intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. B., and Mrs. B. was then some hundreds of miles from the place where he was sleeping. She died after only a few hours' illness at eight o'clock a.m. on the same day, i.e., fifteen hours before the apparition. The writer of the paper was unaware of her decease until October 27th, three days after, when he saw it recorded, and heard of it thus for the first time, in a weekly paper. The paper quoted above was written down, exactly as it appears on the old paper before me, on November 9th following the event and probably sent to Mr. B. at that time. It might have been, and probably was, in reply to a letter from Mr. B., asking full particulars. The paper is headed "For Mr. B.'s private perusal." MORELL THEOBALD.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOME letters and communications are crowded out by pressure on our space.

M. A.—Dr. Ernest Hart is the well-known Editor of "The British Medical Journal." We do not advocate experiments with chemicals at seances. See further remarks on the subject.

"ALPHA."—Yes, in America. The late Hepworth Dixon wrote of them in one of his books, but we have no special knowledge ourselves. Can any of our readers help with references or information as to "Spiritual Wives"?

#### SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Services every Sunday at 7 p.m. March 6th, speaker, Mr. R. Wortley, on "Consolatory Messages from Angel Friends."—J.A.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—We had a very enjoyable meeting on Sunday morning. Mr. Humphrys led the discussion, and a Christadelphian present offered a few thoughts. In the evening the chair was occupied by our valued co-worker, Mr. Duggan, who has been absent through illness. Mr. J. Dale read part of Psalm ii., and discoursed upon Spiritualism and Creeds. Sunday next, open meetings, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Wednesday, psychometry, Mr. Veitch, at 8 p.m.—J. T. AUSTIN.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, W.—On Sunday, in the regretted absence of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, through domestic trouble, Mr. T. Everitt kindly assisted us with an instructive address on various spiritual phenomena in his own private circle, proving the close proximity of earth and spirit life. At 11 a.m., next Sunday friendly meeting; at 7 p.m., Miss Rowan Vincent, "Practical Spiritualism." Tuesday, at 8 p.m., discussion, &c. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Spring, seance. Saturday, at 8 p.m., Mr. Treadwell, seance. Friends cordially invited.—C. I. HUNT.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address J. ALLEN, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; also the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m. Thursday, at 11.30 a.m.; Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship." And at 1, Winnifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance, and the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.—J.A.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last a large audience listened with marked attention to a discourse from the controls of Mrs. Bliss, who spoke on "The Future Destiny of Man." Some successful clairvoyance followed, one special test being given to a gentleman who had never sat with Mrs. Bliss before. A spirit was described to him, and it was stated that he had been a baker, and that his grandson fell from the cart and was killed. The gentleman failed to recognise the test until the correct name in full was given, when the whole was admitted to be correct in every detail. On Thursday last Mr. Duggan presided over the circle, which was large and harmonious. On Sunday next, March 6th, Mr. Davis on "Why are there so many different Grades in Families?" Thursday, March 3rd, social meeting for members and friends.—F. VAUGHAN, Assistant Sec.

16, QUEEN'S-PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.—An effort is now being made to establish a centre for Spiritualists in this neighbourhood at the above address. The old secretary, Mr. Goddard, being unable to spare the necessary time for the duties, has retired, Mr. G. D. Wyndo, a well-known medium, taking his place. Meetings are held every Sunday, at 7 p.m. On February 28th we had a short but excellent address from Mr. Brunker, followed by an instructive address by Mr. Long on "How a Spirit Controls a Medium, and the Causes of Faulty or Imperfect Control." Mr. Long concluded with some excellent clairvoyance; the vivid description of the personality, and the manner of passing over of the spirit friends, bringing recognition in all cases but one. In some instances the full names were given. All Spiritualists and inquirers are cordially invited to join us at our meetings, and assist in making them successful.—J.D.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday next Mr. W. G. Coote will speak on "The Utility of Spiritualism," at 7 o'clock. On Thursday, the spirit circle, at 8.30 p.m. Social soirée on Tuesday next, at 8.30 p.m. Last Sunday evening our service was conducted by ladies only, and great credit is due to those who took part. Mrs. Kemmish opened with an instructive reading; then one of our little Lyceum members favoured us with a sweet solo, entitled "Home," and we all hope to hear her again. Mrs. Stanley gave us a splendid address on "Woman," pointing out the duties and responsibilities of true womanhood, the sacredness of marriage, the blessings of a true spiritual influence to guide through this stage of existence, and finishing by giving practical and excellent precepts how to live a true, happy, and contented life. Mrs. Kemmish concluded by exhorting all to look to the great Father of all, and live a holy and spiritual life.—W. G. COOTE, Assistant Sec.